

Mossie

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FOREWARD

Mosaic is the result of the dedication and many hours of work among its student editors and staff, but that says little of the contents—the works of art and literature themselves. It is better to say that this magazine is the result of the inspired work done by student writers and artists. This magazine would not exist without them. We, the staff, enjoyed having the opportunity to provide a means for students to share their work with an audience. To publish is an invaluable experience.

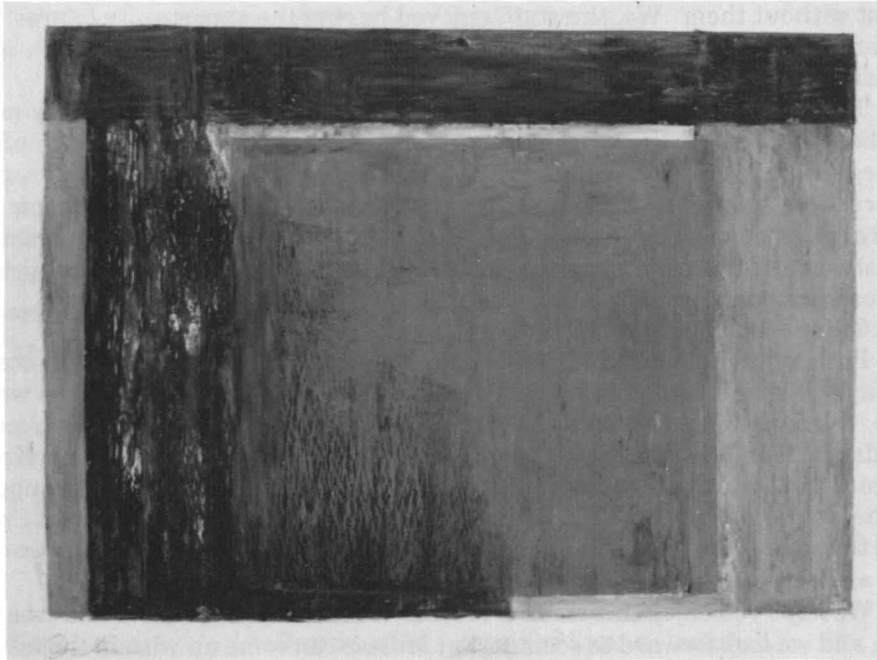
This magazine would not exist without an audience, either—our ready-made audience known as the OSU student body, and our extended audience of the collegiate artworld. We believe our audience deserves a quality forum of expression, and we are committed to producing one. In addition, *Mosaic* has matured as an outspoken arts advocate on campus through the sponsorship of art shows and literature readings. As a result we have succeeded in establishing a closer rapport among the magazine, its contributors, and its audience.

Quite a collaboration, isn't it?

Putting together a publication has been quite a learning experience (it always is), and it always takes some outside help. With that in mind, we would like to recognize some of our most reliable and knowledgeable sources of guidance: members of *Mosaic's* faculty board—Lee Abbott, David Citino, Kathy Fagan, and Michelle Herman. We are also grateful for the continuing support of the University Honors Center through the Sidney Pressey Endowment Fund, and the entire Honors staff. Finally, we would like to thank (as much as we can) our adviser, Susan Swarts, for being there all the way.

We hope you enjoy this issue of *Mosaic*. It is a most successful and creative one, and we look forward to seeing what *Mosaic* can come up with in the future.

Elaine H. Kauh
Publisher/Editor



Primary Color Study: Composition I
Cray-pas 18" x 23 1/2"

Merlin-Galice Road

Quiet and tired, I went on one of many long walks
Along the Rogue river; sometimes singing,
Kicking sticks or stones, or collecting.
I picked flowers to take home, or to give
To imaginary over-all Oregon girls;
And for a challenge, I jumped the gaps
Along the center-line of the barren road.
Gasoline hadn't cut the day's pinetar on my hands,
Picked and flaking, little by little. The road
Graveling under my boots, I walked
Simple-minded, drunk with dinner
And the faint gusting of the rich fermenting duff
Carpeting the lodge-pole woodland.

I stopped, peering, struck.
Three vultures stared back, jet black
Ruffles hooked by scaly yellow talons
To an ancient snag, freckled by ants
And ready to drop to dust. I had seen
Them before, aloft in the clouds, soaring light;
But their seared, half-chewed heads, turned,
Crowing unknown stares; snaring me, still.

An ugly breath spun me,
Fixing unsteady upon the fresh carrion.
Drawn and looted, her tilled belly blooming,
Spattered. What they had done to her, before me,
Towards me, tightening. Her eyes, now wide
And shot, bloody, must have shone even, golden
As the log truck lights grew to glare.
Nudging her hoof, a purple silhouette of the thin limb
Left, like the bowel rays from her heart,
A Crayola sunshine in blood and guts.
I left my handful of grass-wrapped weeds
Upon the open stench, and followed the long
Skids of black rubber, jumping from one
Onto another.

Winner, Albert J. Kuhn Award for Excellence in Writing

What Should I Wear to the Poetry Reading?

"Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains." — Rousseau

Coffin nail, slum earmuff, piercing headache cure;
Suicidal TV child, bonnet in the sewer.

Feigned death theology, rent a police car;
Wage-slaves in chains, Abel's and Cain's, bagels with bugtar.

Uncle Tom and Auntie Em fucking on the lawn;
Better pack, vial of crack, First Church of Goldie Hawn.

Diet Spam, Vietnam, Einstein eating bacon;
Bag-o-worms, tinkling burns, historically forsaken.

Craft your rage, candied sage, useless linen suit;
Forget your date and master bait, make off with all the loot.

Dan Quayle, making bail, nudist fashion laws;
Bethlehem, smoke a stem, hiatal scribbling flaws.

Lie in court, design a fort, nasty democratic stain;
Kappa tickling, Rudyard Kipling, gotta make my train.

Fruit-of-the-loom a-pinnacled, stupid racist hippy;
Ozymandias, hustle and buy us a killer satchel of crippey.

Conscientious, dung Tao found, good guys always win;
Honest Nero, Love Minus Zero, faultless Original Sin.

Hermetic fetish, knife dread relish, lib'ries full of lies;
Beer money caste, gas huffed passed, French Manson fries.

Chronic culture, drag king sculpture, green piece junk male tomb;
Anti-saxon, Michael Jackson, thrashing about in the womb.

Potent world, flags unfurled, happy hunting ground;
Wiggling silence, scapegoat violence, universally crowned.

Jimmy the lock, trade some stock, store my stuff in a tree;
Public lies, burgers and fries, anti-dogma trustee.



Untitled
Acrylic / Charcoal 24" x 36"

A Variety of Charms

Jacob Shuman was not an unhappy man. The past eighteen years of his life he had been able to make his hobby his vocation. In the deceptively mild face were furrowed the faintest wrinkles, like little footprints of gnomes and elves who had worn a path to the secret entrance of their habitat, behind the deep green eyes.

Jacob was a crafter of jewelry, but sometimes customers misinterpreted his sign which read "HAND CRAFTED JEWELRY & CHARMS." Perhaps this was the case when Mr. Mason placed his special order two weeks previously.

Jacob found himself riveted upon Mr. Mason, who was short, of medium build, and wore a hat brimmed with a black band. His topcoat was fashionable, but the black, stringy mustache offset an odd smile than made Mr. Mason look puppet-like. The smile was a performance of the mouth, curving upward in equal arcs while the cheeks refrained from response. The eyes appeared as cool as two blue buttons caught in a glare of light.

Although Jacob rarely encountered people he immediately disliked, Mr. Mason was one of these. He approached the counter slowly and asked Mr. Mason how he could help him.

"I'm looking for a special kind of charm. You make charms here, don't you?"

"Yes? What is it you want?" Jacob thought about his own appearance while gazing at the other man. He thought that compared to this man, he might be considered attractive. He considered the laxity of his face muscles appropriate for a middle-aged man. It even made him appear kindly.

Jacob's eyebrows were a classic design of bushiness; one might even think they'd shed their foliage in winter, but they were constant as evergreens year round. He thought it created an effect of eccentricity in his face, which was otherwise unremarkable. The mustache of silver gray, streaked with sable, matched the eyebrows, like pieces of matching furniture in a room.

"I need a very carefully constructed work. You must be able to meet my specifications exactly," said Mr. Mason.

Jacob found he was still fixated on Mr. Mason's face. He watched the mouth as it moved to speak, producing carefully announced words in long flat tones. It appeared that the mouth was the commander; the rest of the face hadn't yet received its orders. Jacob had a sudden urge to touch his own face as if to reaffirm its differences. His own mouth, he thought contentedly, was well defined without a clue of sloppiness, a refined bow, both conservative and suggestive. It was the mouth of a younger man and Jacob still retained it at the age of fifty-three. He quickly withdrew his hand from his face, and said, "Well, just what are your specifications?"

"I want a dragon, no more than two inches high, no less than 1 5/8 inches. It must be ready to take flight, and it must look fierce. I mean that it must be powerful."

"I make excellent jewelry, very exacting if you want," said Jacob. "So what will you do with it? It is for a necklace, or a pin?"

"Oh no. Not for anything like that. It is for a woman. I want to attract her to me. The dragon is good luck. But it must be

fierce, I am sure, to work well!"

"Oh, I see. It is a gift. So tell me more." Jacob proceeded to get a few more details from Mr. Mason. Then he added, "I take extra pains on special orders. Almost always my customers are satisfied."

"It is hard to find a place that does the charms anymore," said Mason.

"Well, I don't know why that would be the case," Jacob replied. "Anyway, I need two weeks minimum to get it ready."

"Two weeks! I can't wait that long," Mr. Mason's face got a hard, sucked-in look, and the eyes which focused at a distance past Jacob's right shoulder looked fierce.

"Perhaps you should have this made somewhere else," suggested Jacob.

"Why?" replied Mr. Mason, his nostrils flaring slightly. "You do not think you can do it well enough?"

"The point is that I can have it ready in two weeks!" countered Jacob.

"Well, I am wasting time here talking. I will return in two weeks for the charm." Mason took the receipt from Jacob and left the shop abruptly.

As soon as Mr. Mason was gone, Jacob locked the shop and made a phone call. Then he left the building and walked west on Third Avenue, past the Pawn Shop, a News/Bookstore and toward the Fish & Deli Market which were all in the process of closing. Israel Dreyman was closing the Fish & Deli, but he opened the door as soon as Jacob approached. "Hurry in," he said and slammed the gates, while pushing Jacob through the door. "Guess who I saw today?" he asked Jacob.

"Oh, let me see. Couldn't be the widow Feitelson, could it?" said Jacob.

Izzy's mouth drooped perceptibly. "How did you know?"

Jacob sat at a corner table in the deli area and put his feet up on a second chair, "You want to know how I know? How could I not know? Everyday you report what time she comes in, what she buys, and if she wears your favorite low cut blouse."

"Yes, yes," countered Izzy, "never mind all that, it's in the past. Today she wore the tightest pants."

"So what are you saying, Izzy, you want to marry her?" Jacob asked while getting up to pour himself coffee and take a dill pickle.

"I said that?" Izzy patted his protruding belly out of a nervous habit and repeated the question "I said that? Never. I never said that. I like her looks. That's it! I won't marry. I'm like you. A bachelor forever." He paused, then added, "but such a charming lady."

"Ha, ha," said Jacob. "So what will you do with her? You think maybe she just wants to spend the night with you? You should be so lucky!"

Izzy grabbed some potato salad, smoked white fish and pumpernickel and brought them to the table for Jacob. "We have to talk about this, Jacob, and you should lay off the dills. They give you indigestion." "I thought we were talking about it," said Jacob, arranging food on his plate. "Where's the horseradish?"

"Today she comes in at 11 a.m. Her hair all done and she had this ruffly white blouse on over those tight pants. And already she is top heavy. Took my breath away. She says, 'Mr. Dreyman,' while

smiling sweetly, 'Won't you get me two pounds of the white fish, and how much is the herring today?' Then she says the herring is too high. So I slip a quarter pound of it into her order and she won't know til she gets home!" Izzy's face flashed in concern, "But Jacob, she will think I am a rich man!"

"You are a rich man!" said Jacob, wiping his mouth with a napkin. "But for a quarter pound of herring, you are a poor man. Believe me Izzy, the widow Feitelson will not marry you for a quarter pound of herring. She won't even spend a night with you. What was it, creamed, pickled, or red?"

"Okay, that's funny. So how was your day today?"

"It was a day like any other until 4:30. Then this Mr. Mason comes in and places an order. I don't like him. He's like the one we had in our neighborhood when we were kids. Down on Second Ave. You remember? The one we called Hooligy. We ran from him, and Bubby threw a bottle at him once. You remember? Always wore black and not even a Jew."

"Yeah, now I know." Izzy twisted his hands craftily and laughed. "What, you think he is in the black arts?"

"What would I know about such things? You think I have occult friends?"

Izzy roared with laughter. "Not you, Jacob, never." He stopped cleaning the food case for a moment and said, "We can play checkers in about five minutes. I'll be done."

Jacob spent the greater part of the afternoon preparing a special metallic paint

for the winged dragon that was set upon its haunches apparently ready for quick flight. Although the dragon was only two inches high, it had a fierce look upon its face. The dryer bell had no sooner rung to take out the figure when another bell rang signaling the entrance of a customer.

Mr. Mason walked into Jacob's store. He flashed a ten-second smile and asked for his special order.

Jacob felt reluctant to place the dragon in Mr. Mason's hands. He retrieved it from the dryer without rushing, looked it over carefully and placed it before Mr. Mason for examination. "That will be \$44.50 plus tax, and I'm including a case for it."

"I'm in a hurry," said Mr. Mason. "A sack please." He produced the payment, then he snatched the little box and stuffed it into the sack, rolling it up to make it small. He shoved the entire affair into the breast pocket of his overcoat. Turning abruptly upon his heels, he left the store with a terse utterance. "This spell had better work!"

Jacob felt a sign of relief when he was left alone. He thought briefly of Mr. Mason's last comment about a spell and decided he didn't understand this man, nor did he wish to.

Several weeks later when Mr. Mason had been long removed from Jacob's thoughts, Mr. Mason came walking in the door in the late afternoon. "Mr. Schugman, that is your name I believe; I am returning this charm," he announced.

Jacob felt caught off guard; indeed he was not expecting Mr. Mason, and even if he had been, he wasn't quite sure how he

would have prepared himself for what followed.

"The name is Shuman," said Jacob approaching the counter. He pointed to a small sign which was propped up by the cash register. It said, "No Returns On Custom Orders."

"I'm sorry, I cannot refund your money, Mr. Mason, but what seems to be the problem? It is a well made piece of jewelry. I spent a lot of time on it. The dragon's head turns to the left, the eyes focus slightly right. He strains his neck. He is prepared for quick flight. What is wrong here? Oh, yes, he also looks very fierce, as you requested."

"There is only one reason I am returning it. It doesn't work!"

"What doesn't work?"

"I am saying the charm is no good. It doesn't work. Now I would like my money back. What can I do with a useless charm?"

"I don't understand. How do charms 'work'? You think there is a spell in this charm or something? I make jewelry, not spells. The craftsmanship is beyond question! For eighteen years I make these and no one seriously expects them to do spells! They like the art work, the fine detail. Wha —"

"Mr. Shuman, I have no argument with the execution of detail. The craftsmanship is excellent."

"Then what?" Jacob had a powerful urge to grab Mr. Mason's shirt collar and yank him over the counter, but just then Mr. Mason stepped backward and looked at his watch.

"I must be going, and I need my money. You are a good craftsman, Mr. Shuman, but you are no artist! If it was real art, it

would have power!"

Anger was flashing in Jacob's eyes, turning the green color to an intensity that one might see in a forest just before a flash flood. "You are making me angry, Mr. Mason. You do not make sense, and I have no more patience with you. What is this you say about art?"

"You heard me! You do not value your own work or you would take it back, wouldn't you? But you know it is worthless. Even you do not want it yourself!" With that he unrolled the little bag and dashed the box containing the miniature dragon down upon the counter. "It is yours. Take it. It is trash, worthless! I only want my money back so I can go somewhere else and find a more genuine product."

Jacob suddenly felt beaten. He grabbed \$44.50 from the register and threw it at Mr. Mason. "Now get out of my store!" He marched from behind the counter and escorted Mr. Mason directly out the door. Then he locked up the store for the day.

The sun was going down behind the tall buildings, but a few rays of yellow light shone like a spotlight on the wall adjoining the doorway through which Mr. Mason had just departed.

Jacob sat on the stool behind the counter thinking in excerpts "not art?... the spell doesn't work! ... this is madness ... Not powerful enough!"

Then he found his mind wandering to works of art he'd seen in museums, little figurines of ancient Greece and Precolumbian works and others whose culture he did not remember, but he remembered the work itself. So many he had seen that he liked. And his own. "Who says it is not

art?" he whispered to himself, as his voice faded into silence.

Gradually, he became tired of the reactions that were replaying in his mind. He felt as raw as if he were sprinkled with chips of broken glass that disallowed the slightest comfort. He stared absently at the wall. Then he noticed how dirty the wall looked in the sunlight. He looked up at the window over the door and saw webs that were usually hidden but were now suddenly revealed in the fading sunlight.

He felt disgusted. "This place is filthy. How come I've never noticed it before?" Looking up again, he saw something in the web. It was trying to get out. He couldn't quite tell what it was, but he could see that it was still alive and struggling.

He sat there seeing his shop as if it were the first time. "Is it really this ugly?" he wondered. He felt as if he'd just discovered he'd been deceiving himself about something for years.

When the phone rang, Jacob was startled.

"Izzy? No, maybe not. I'm a bit off tonight. So you'll tell me about her tomorrow, okay?" He hung up the phone.

The light from the sun had slid away from the front room and to a distance out in the street. Jacob sat and followed it with his eyes. He began to think about his age. He felt old. The shop that he usually loved seemed alien and revolting. He couldn't imagine how he had liked it here for so long. He decided he was overtired and went to his apartment which was upstairs above the shop.

The rooms at least seemed warmer and friendlier. "Yes, make yourself at home," he said out loud to try to amuse

himself. Then he answered himself by saying, "Yes, I believe I will," and he got a bottle of schnapps and poured out a capful. That seemed to help his mood so he had a second, and then a third. His outlook improved more. "So what is so different tonight?" he asked out loud. "There sits the newspaper, my easy-chair, the pipe I forgot to buy tobacco for, and the radio. So what is so different here tonight?" For a moment it seemed as if nothing were different.

Then he remembered Mr. Mason. He went into the bathroom, pulled back the shower curtain, and ran hot water into the bathtub.

Jacob always took a shower in the morning to wake himself up. Tonight, however, he decided to soak in a hot bath. He turned on the radio and let the hot water run while he read the evening newspaper. As he read, little lines of worry seemed to etch themselves deeper into his face. "It's that Mason character," he repeated to himself, "I can't seem to get free of him." But after a hot, leisurely bath, Jacob migrated to his favorite chair, found a book he'd started several days earlier and promptly forgot about Mr. Mason.

The next day after work, Jacob met with Izzy as was their habit. As he entered the fish market, Izzy slammed the gates and pushed Jacob through the door. "Guess what?" he looked gleefully at Jacob.

"So let me sit down first, okay?" said Jacob. Then he turned and got a cup of coffee, asking "Where's the pickles?"

"For you there's no pickles," Izzy walked over with an assorted platter of

foods. "We'll eat now. This is better than pickles."

Jacob pulled up two chairs, slid his feet onto the second one and asked, "So how was she today, and did she find the herring yesterday?"

"How is she today? Oh, you should have seen her. Today she not only looked good, but the smell. You should have smelled her!"

"In a fish market, I should have smelled her? You should hear yourself. When I come in here all I smell is fish! You like that so much?"

"That fish smell is the smell of money, Jacob! I love it, but it isn't her smell. It was something she wore, and when she left, all afternoon I could smell it here and there. Even after work. It made me feel good. I mean all day it made me feel good. She is such a sweet woman. Today she says, 'Mr. Dreyman, you probably already know what I want, don't you?' What a suggestion, yes? I already know what she wants! Ha! What do you think of that?"

"I think you are... never mind. It doesn't matter what I think, what do you think?" Jacob suddenly found himself distracted by thoughts of his encounter with Mr. Mason, but he quickly set them aside in favor of the more current topic. "So Izzy, when are you going to ask her out?"

"Why should I ask her out? She will think I am interested in her if I ask her out."

"She doesn't know you are interested in her? Is she blind? Why does she suppose she found herring in her order when she could not afford to buy it? Tell me that."

"Oh, I didn't see you yesterday to tell

you? That's right. You were sick or something. Okay. She comes in yesterday at 10:30 a.m., and she says with her eyes very wide, 'Mr. Dreyman, I'm afraid I owe you some money.' 'Oh,' I say, 'How is that? Your account is square, isn't it?' She says, 'But there was herring in my order, and I think I need to pay you, even though I wasn't going to buy it.' Isn't that sweet, Jacob? She was going to pay for it. So I say, 'Well, if there was herring there and you didn't order it, it must be my fault, so why should you pay?' and then I ask her what I can get for her today. She says to me, 'You are a wonderful man, Mr. Dreyman, how you do your job so well and treat your customers like they are your family. I guess that is why I come here everyday.' So I double-wrapped her order and even escorted her to the door personally. Then I said, 'I am glad you are so happy, Mrs. Feitelson.' And today, she came in with that perfume on. So are you feeling better today, Jacob?"

Jacob told Izzy about his encounter with Mr. Mason. "And after that, I came out from behind the counter and escorted him to the door!"

"Oh, like that Hooligy. Nobody liked him. He seemed to give off a bad odor. But not that, it was the presence. So this one is like that too? You gave him his money back. He came back after that?"

"Nah, nah, it's not that he came back. It feels like he never left! In my store, this morning when I walk in, it feels like he's still there. I was glad to leave to get away from my own store today!" Jacob got up and started pacing.

"Take it easy Jacob. This is New York. So he was crazy, that's all. What's new

about that? Lots of crazies around. You just haven't seen any for awhile. He didn't come back, did he?"

"No, I ran him out of the shop. But I felt like he was still there even today."

Jacob had finished eating and cleared the table off. He brought out a set of checkers from a shelf behind the corner. "Ready for a rematch, Izzy?"

"Not quite. I have to finish a few things back here first. So what do you think of what I told you?" An impish smile had invaded Izzy's face, making his eyes look like two mischievous darts.

"I think," said Jacob, "that you are caught."

"You think so?" asked Izzy. "I always thought I'd feel cramped or strained or something. This doesn't feel like I'm caught."

Jacob set up the checker board, but he found himself unable to concentrate. His thoughts kept straying.

Several days later, Jacob's shop was in total disarray. A small sign hung on the door: "EXCUSE THE MESS FOR REMODELING." Sheets covered the cash register, counter, display cases, and the two chairs that were set out for customers. Painters set up ladders after washing down the walls. By five o'clock in the afternoon, Jacob's shop looked remarkably different. The walls were a light yellow even without the sun shining on them. They were all clean, and there were absolutely no cobwebs anywhere. He even had inexpensive linoleum placed above the old cracked tiles of the floor. All this was topped off by the smell of fresh paint. The past seemed to be

wiped away in one clean sweep. Jacob felt as if he had just entered a new century. He looked around as if he had entered his store for the very first time.

The phone rang. It was Izzy. "You must come over and see. Now! Come over. It looks good," said Jacob. Then he hurriedly hung up the phone and dashed about putting away a few odds and ends.

Jacob started to make a pot of tea, then discarded that in a favor of schnapps when he saw the bottle. He brought two cups and the bottle downstairs into the freshly decorated store. Just then, the bell rang at the customer door. Jacob came in from the back stairway as Izzy came in the front door.

Jacob felt as warm and friendly as if he were still in his living room. "Ah Izzy, who is this lovely person you bring with you?"

Izzy entered and introduced Mrs. Feitelson who smiled and shook his hand. "We were just out for a walk, and Mr. Dreyman says we should come over and see the store you redecorated. It looks so fresh; it is the color of sunshine."

"Well, it is nice to meet you, Mrs. Feitelson. Izzy has mentioned you on several occasions. Now excuse me, I'll go upstairs and get an extra cup."

Grace Feitelson smiled and continued looking at the miniature figures in the display cases. "Why they are quite nice, but look at that one. That dragon looks like it's ready to fly." When Jacob returned, she asked to see the figure.

"This was a return," he told her. "Very unusual because it is one of my best pieces. And a special order. The man claims this charm 'doesn't work'." He removed it from

the case and handed it to her carefully. "Look at the face."

As they sat down to tea, Grace turned the figure round and round and rather visibly marveled at it. "I like this. Look at how it wants to fly. And how determined. Such a strong face." She placed it on the counter where they all looked at it. "You say it was returned, this?"

"Oh, yes," Jacob told her.

"Then it is my luck!"

"Then it is your luck?" Izzy parroted Mrs. Feitelson while admiring her ruffly blouse. It could have been cut a little lower and it would not hurt anything. It wasn't just that though, he mused. She was lovely not only to look at.

"You are superstitious, Mrs. Feitelson? I am surprised," said Izzy.

"But Mr. Dreyman, it is not that I am superstitious. I only know what pleases me and what does not. I really must buy it!"

"No," said Izzy, "it is not a good idea you should buy it. Jacob here will give me a good price, and I will buy it for you."

"But I think you should not, Mr. Dreyman. You are not a rich man. Besides, I do not know you too well."

"Yes? Maybe I am a rich man and maybe not. But I am a good man, Mrs. Feitelson, so it is maybe time you knew me a little better. And see, I know what pleases me!"

Grace Feitelson laughed and said, "You may call me Grace."

The next day Jacob ordered forest-green velveteen as background for his showcase of jewelry and charms. The color offset his own eyes which, this morning, were an intense surprise of bluish green. Behind the showcase, an array of dragons, faeries, and sorcerers were on the drawing table. It was an entire line of new characters, full of spit and fire, ready to burst into action. Jacob stayed at the drawing table most of the day, stopping only to eat lunch, or answer an occasional phone call. He had already burst into action.

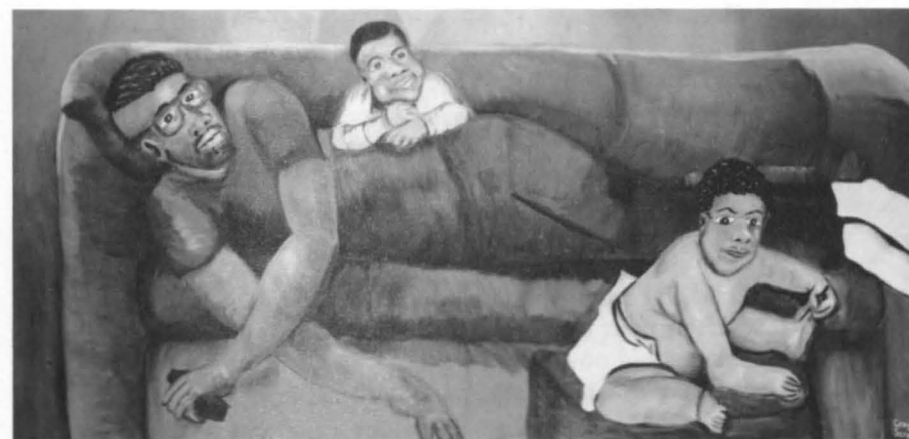


Adoration of the Faceless Fuck
Serigraph 12" x 16"

2nd Place, 1992 Mosaic Art Show

Grandpapa

Red clay rises excitedly as the
lumbering machine gyrates
down the twisting path to my house.
It must be some inordinate mistake
that those city folk could possibly
be of any relation, or are they fakes
trying to learn of a world long forgotten?
I acknowledge these people who always take
what would freely be given to them,
while the boy slowly rakes
the garden for insects. Gramama
is in the kitchen baking the heavy cake
that gilds the belly with a
stuff that even two metallic stakes
would fail to penetrate and collapse.
They marvel at the transparency of the lake
that their municipality has not yet polluted.
I laugh quietly while the garter snakes
make maniacal mischief with the morsels
the slob dropped as bait.
I am a man of few words who
chooses to relax and contemplate
on what a Master's Degree has gotten
me. No sweet spoken mandate could alleviate
the back toiling work of this financial
wizard. They decide to liquidate
my home because it does not turn a
profit. Mother Conception would not excavate
this land. Why must profit always be in
dollars? They say I procrastinate
the destined move. Come live in our
city, but it will only alienate
Gramama and I. No! MY HOME IS HERE!
Finally, they are gone with the irate
nonsense. Me and Gramama sit at the
table and marvel at nature while we eat
of her forbidden fruit.



Present, Past, Future
Oil 25" x 50"

Highland St. Blues

and it's now past carnival time on Highland St.
 the mariachi bands have moved inside
 vowing to keep the fiesta alive
 all year
 but it's not the same...
 the music coming from the red brick
 or stucco
 and sometimes Victorian apartments
 seems muffled
 from out on the sidewalk
 the girls no longer parade
 like sensual floats
 through campus sidestreets
 in their near nothing costumes
 but instead now appear only
 in bulky uncurved overcoats
 and knitted scarves to hide
 their sex
 the latex pinatas in the alley
 behind the dumpster
 are frozen
 and once again hard

the vibrant colors that once decorated the street
 have now all been stripped down
 by wind rain and other such natural custodians
 they've collected along street curbs
 with discarded newspapers and paper plates

and have since turned into a dark
 wet shit tracked with disgusted shoeprints
 but empty bottles cans and cigarette filters
 decorate brown frosted lawns
 and occasionally
 when the street lights hit just right
 the sidewalks shimmer like dark green
 or brown festival lights
 left abandoned

the American fiesta
 the carnival of the temperate climate
 is finished
 it is time for the season of death
el muerto
 it is time for the earth to sleep
 to prepare for the inevitable
 rebirth
 of the world
 of wonder
 for on this death bed
 of late November
 it seems perhaps
 that the world may be a little
 world weary
 and longing only for rest
 away from carnivals
 away from the living

Dave's Good Food

4:30 any work day afternoon
perched on swivel stools
bracing the coffee counter
the backbone of working class
America and model respected
citizens of hometown Ohio
Farmers
Township Trustees
Used-Car Salesmen

All caffeine junkies
sucking down Winstons
like their last breaths
eyeing over cups
young pink panties
through white polyester
bent to retrieve
a dropped fork

Long drawn-out discussions
of John Deere combines
pot holes on Jervis Street
and blue book prices
for full sized Fords
can't postpone trips home
to wives who long ago
forgot their mother's cooking
and their girlish figures
among other things.



Hiding from the Heat

Black and white handcolored photograph 8" x 10"

Domination

Sickled fields beyond fences
 rekindle gutted silos common to these
 outdated hamlets
 old men on porched rockers
 swig everclear and boast of
 harvests past
 hinting of helplessness
 tightened belts mostly echo
 empty billfolds
 and stubbornness
 emaciated cattle plod among
 skull bones of elders and contemporaries
 and the dry wish of water on their lips
 casts pleas toward the scarred sty.

Old Friend

The mole on your shoulder
 is the reason I stay
 That is all
 The way it bends
 and rolls against my palm
 and wants to tear off
 But no
 It stays
 And on warm nights
 sheetless bed nights
 when I roll over
 and drag my clammy hand
 along the contours of you
 from hip to head
 I always stop with
 novel fascination
 to marvel at its comforting
 familiarity
 and
 how
 it always feels cool
 when I roll it between my fingers

her neck is so strangely
connected
 to her body
 that her head
is sometimes teetering
 upon it
like a bird upon
a bottle
and i am always trying to
have my shoulder near her head
should it ever fall
but she really is a bird upon a bottle
and flies away

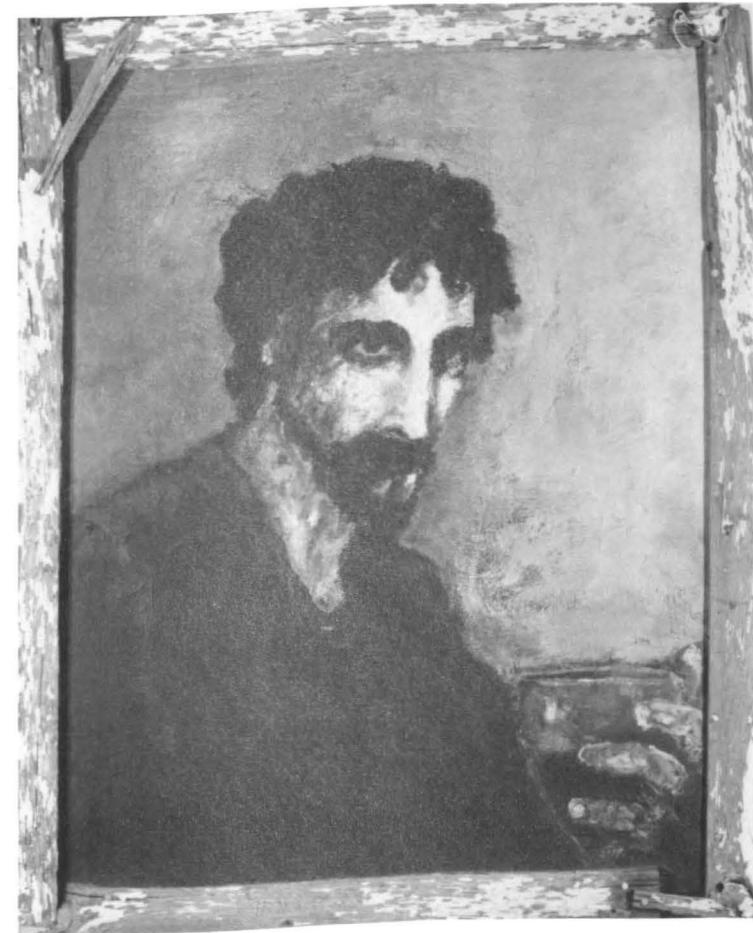
Waterboy

I'm
searching
wandering
the water keeps
splashing the shore
reminding me that
loneliness
is not
strength

And you
walking
confident
assure me that
the water with you
is better than
the shore
alone

David on Ice

When I dream—of grand slashing waves...
 I don't dream of deep-surf-riding-Johnnie-
 come-late-lees, I dream of a stone
 wet David, nude icon, nude before the eyes
 of a million stormy Helens... His cock
 a stone stoic, mysterious marble
 provoking
 patronizing smiles and tugs
 of children's hands on the sleeves
 of dreamers, dazed
 and frozen
 with comic precision
 to the circle
 of symbolic polysexual desire
 linking hot-on-line, to the All Primal,
 a hallway in our minds,
 and many doors to linger at—and
 puritans with useless keys.



Drinker
 Acrylic 42" x 36"

1st Prize, 1992 Mosaic Art Show



The Book
Acrylic 42" x 36"

**Idea: child-like little poems about oranges:
eating them, peeling them, sharing them.**

1) The party where J. wanted to be
in a rainforest, we ate oranges
in the bathroom with all the
hot water faucets on
and the door closed.

2) Sharing the New Year's orange
with M. Feeding him
piece by piece.

3) Peeling the orange
at the kitchen table with K.
She does not like to peel
oranges. I love to, it is fun.

4) Eating 2 or 3 at a time
in the caf. with S. I would
carry some around in my pockets.
There were piles of oranges
in my dorm room.

5) S. is orange to me.
She is why I love them so,
and am fascinated by them.

6) The intricate string lace,
so acidic and bitter,
the peel when rubbed on the hands
so beautiful and pure.

7) Once I carried orange
peels in my red leather
jacket pocket for months.
I would fondle them when
no one was looking. Gather
a handful, let them go.
Gather it again. Over and over.

8) My pickyness when it comes
to oranges. Not liking the stringy,
dry ones. They must be perfect.
My perfection.

9) B. got a grocery bagful of
Florida oranges for christmas.
This is why fascination has
been renewed. I keep thinking
about them.

10) Orange lollipops, eating one
when I saw M. He could smell it,
said it reminded him of
orange pop. I hate orange pop
and orange juice. I only like
oranges and orange lollipops.

11) Once, in Maine, I sliced
a grapefruit the wrong way.
Trying to get at the fruit,
I noticed how like female
genitals the grapefruit is.
I began to feel guilty
at the table with my knife-
as if I were raping a woman,
not eating breakfast.

Why the orange and not the strawberry?
I think it is because
of the peeling ritual.
The peeling ritual is exciting.
Taking each piece of
white-yellow string
and pulling. Biting into
each section. Sharing.
The juice is on our hands
sticky and dribbling down
our chins. We smell so ripe fruity,
yet thick and sugary like walking
vitamin C tablets. Plus there
is white gunk shoved into cuticles
and under my fingernails
I would take the orange peels
and rub them all over my
hands and arms upto the elbows
and sometimes higher. So I can
smell like a tree, be a tree
in the orange grove, budding
my orange fruit as it gets riper
and riper maybe juice is all
around my roots in rivers so
bumble bees come to eat the sugar.
Which connects to the sex
aspect of the orange.
An orange is female sex.
Peeling and stripping.
There are hidden things
in an orange there are so many
pieces. It could go on forever.
The orange must be my
favorite fruit.

Family Recipe

Sitting on the cool limestone step
in front of the red brick Roosevelt House
playing hide-and-seek with neighborhood kids.
My turn to count up to ten.

Cover my eyes as the numbers come and go
facing the peeling green paint
on the rain water gutter.

"Ten! Here I come!"

Open toed sandals run
through Mrs. Finley's flowerbed.
Petal showers fall from
unsuspecting spring buds.

Behind the brownstone voices call to me
from the second story windows
over sounds from sitcoms on t.v..
Stumbling towards the backyard bench
to see who makes the shouts
which fill the alleyway.
Sheer white drapes blow out the opening
like the cough of March winds.
A lady looks out towards the small city garden
crying with her hands holding her face.

"I said answer me, bitch!"

The woman's form crumbled down
as a card house would do
and I saw the purple shades along her cheeks
outlining in red his five-fingered print.

Form the window blood spattered the sidewalk
I stood upon.
I ran. I ran far. I ran
until I couldn't feel its stickiness
all over my face.
But it was on me, over me,
in me. It made me.
My family.
Father.

ISBN

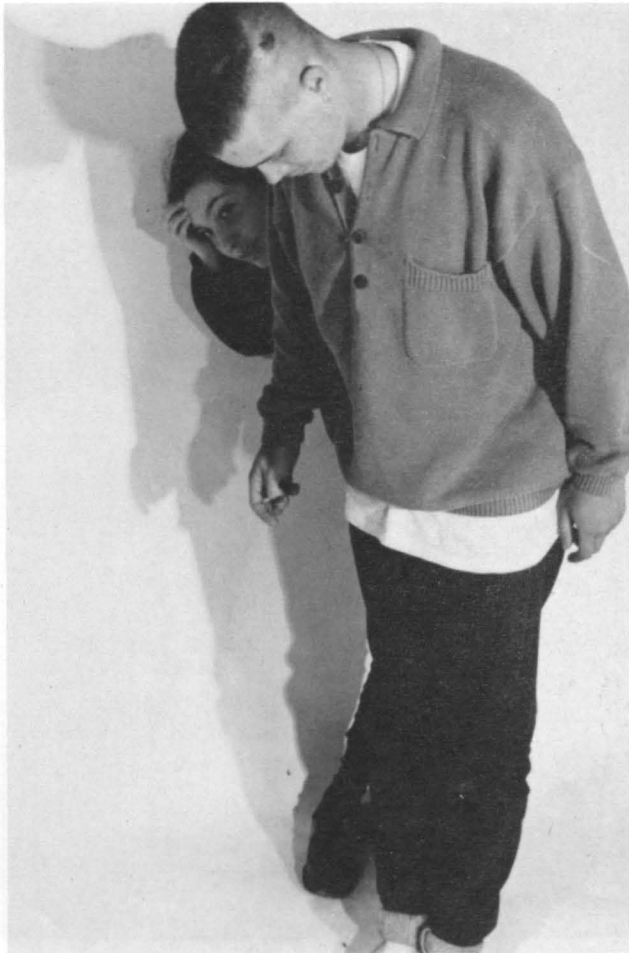
"You can keep your teeth. We only want your gums." The insightful observer might deduce that what possible use I might have for the thirty-two unfounded jewels would be useless, but: I found a bindery whose owner was open to experimentation and I had them set in a leather bound volume, highest grade glue (from the finest dead horses), cotton bond, gold inlay, etc. and sent it off to a publishing house who called (didn't write) me, "...responding to," they said, "the obvious exponential quality in the context of the middle central mean sector of the population." Continued, "We've taken the liberty of running the first printing. Your royalty check is on its way via hand-delivery. And we've got more cash at your whim. Ask, just ask." "What is it called?" I asked. I thought maybe "The Calcium Deposit" or "Enamored with Enamel" or "Othello, the Molar of Venice." "Nothing that contrived," they said. "Also, we ignored your, 'All Bite and No Howl.'" "What then?" "A Brief History of a Man's Teeth." Its directness embarrassed me, but I accepted it. "When is the sequel coming?" "But that's it. Those are it. I'm eating raw eggs, oatmeal, and softwater broth with a straw!"

"Oh," he said and hung up.



Gypsy

Black and white photograph 8" x 10"



Shadow
Color photograph 8" x 10"

Almost Thirty Lines About Having Sex While on Acid

The trip kicks.
Morning grey
pours down the walls.
She gashes free
a hemorrhaging ocean,
fragments of flesh writhe
beneath her nails and
her burgundy palms slide
across my chest:
a dripping turmoil, lost in time.
No one is "making love."
We rage more carnal
than that pure phrase.
We thrash out
an illiterate groove.
We screw;
Like polarbears at the zoo.
And,
though this storm
has no more depth than that of
my thrusts,
it is always a shock
to pierce this ground of
erotic rage
and taste
the unseen depth of
flesh.

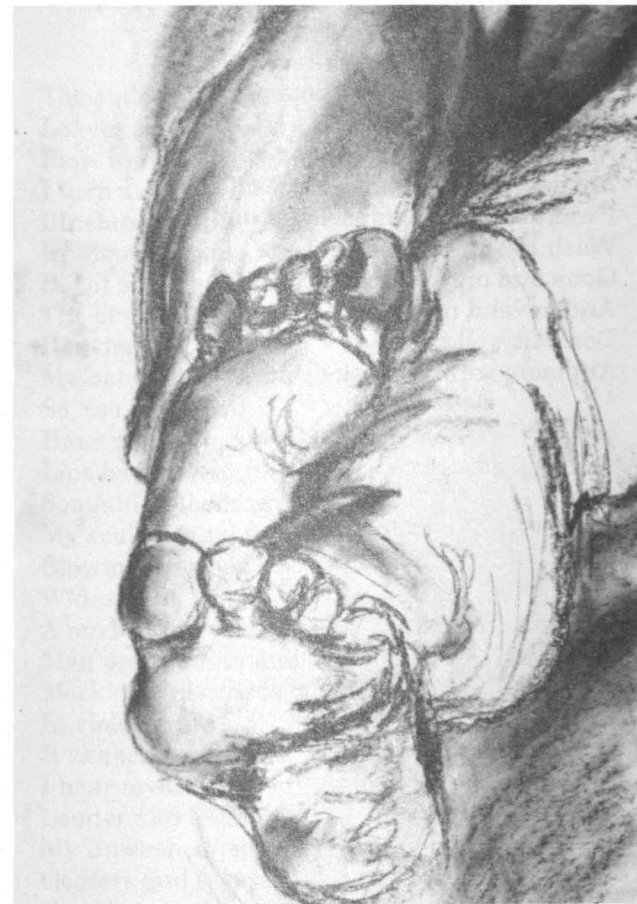
Honorable Mention, Albert J. Kuhn Award for Excellence in Writing

The Second Kind of Poem

She told me
all poems are about sex
or death.

I twist
a little harder each time
until it's in deep enough
that I can pull it out
without little pieces of cork
getting into the wine.
My glass still has
last night's
fingerprints and lipstick
but I pour anyway.
I watch the liquid
smooth the crystal sides
and the bubbles rise and disappear
and I set the bottle down
on the desk
between my keyboard
and a half eaten donut.
My fingers
smear the lipstick down,
(adding more fingerprints)
lifting the glass to my mouth,
emptying it.
I set the glass down
and stare at the screen.

The only thing I know about death
is killing brain cells.



Untitled
Charcoal 18" x 24"

"Me and my ankles," she said.
 "These bones don't fit them right.
 These eyes don't see you well.
 And your polite observation that
 My nose is too big pissed me off.
 I went through aggression, I didn't
 Wash my hair. Your feet are
 Gone and my forehead aches
 And me and my ankles and me
 Don't fit well together
 Anymore with you," she said.

"...The Amphetamine of the Soul."

— Anne Sexton

The stale breath from your nose
 Leaves my forehead.
 Rage in my nakedness,
 I turn away,
 Blushing, again,
 In some hopeless way,
 But it slouches on
 The skin of my neck,
 Heavier and heavier.
 My hands have ached,
 So, too, my gums
 Have bled, my cracked
 Lips have never mended.
 Something from without
 My soul I breathed,
 Blowing between my
 Widespread fingers.
 A meditation on death,
 Man and woman and
 Mockingbirds made of stone.
 In violent rains
 It shakes my head.
 I hear myself pray
 Louder and louder.
 My unwashed sickness,
 Godless and fevered,
 Crawls out of my mouth,
 Murmuring, sighing and
 Coughing. I see
 God in the eyes
 Of the birds reaching
 Out to fondle me and
 I think that I may let him.

An American Psalm #139

Thin pedestrian walks
upon humble streets of decay
and disease follows him
like beasts uncaged.
Where does this road lead?

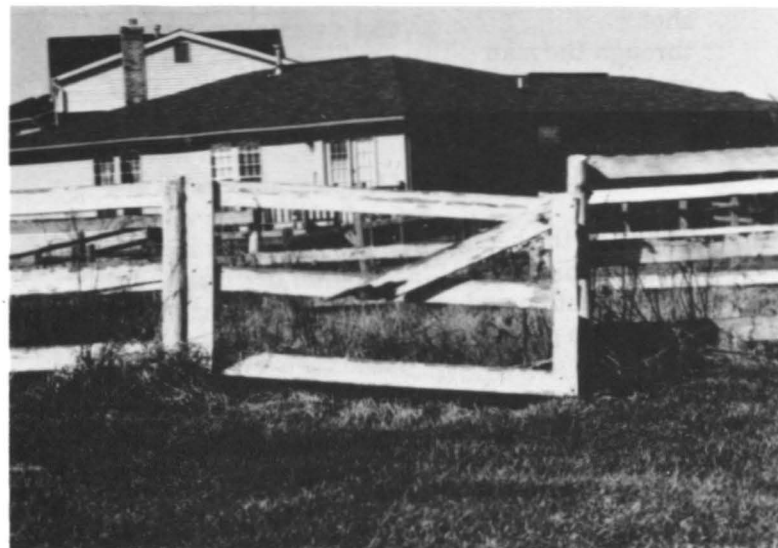
spit on his grave
the former slaves
and their jim crow legacy
donned impetuous equality
for separation unlike
sequestration.

Malcolm X
in Harlem saw
white devils
prevailing
and spoke to refute
the myth of a
bloodless revolution.
For land, for a nation
of black exploitation
and then
Mecca
and banished by the man-prophet
because eastern brotherhood
taught him a lesson.

F.B.I. files and jealous
men in suits
shot
through the man
and the message.

X Malcolm
El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz.

Today on the heads
of new X disciples
is exploitation and signs
that these poor
lunatics
never understood
the message of brotherhood.



Ohio Traces

Black and white photograph 5" x 7"

**"Oh Well, These Are The Night Thoughts Produced By Walking
In The Rain After Two Thousand Years of Christianity"**

-- Henry Miller

Lately I think the skin is peeling
Off of everything
Days are too hot for me
And all the things that a day
Could be
Are only melted glass
Translucent
Amorphous
Until the cooling
Careening darkness
Gives it form
And the night hardens
Into an empty bottle
And I can peer into it
Carefully deciding
How to fill this one up

Tonight
You should wait here
While I go trade my dread
For some wine
I will do my best
But I've never been a good haggler
And anyhow you can't truly come out ahead
And on the way back
I will ask a martyr, a madman, and a musician
If they would like to join us
For La Danse
And we will all unclothe
And step inside
Matisse's head
So he can place us safely upon the canvas
And make the nocturne
At last complete
Cork

History of the Future

from the lost chapter of Nostradamus

An astronaut's flagpole
violates chaste Diana.
Cattle ranchers castrate Jove
before he can mount another Europa.
The gods beg us for mercy.
Buddha and Jesus would condemn us,
but men in the crypt
tend to be tight-lipped.

Inhibitions atrophy:
mothers abandon their babes,
leaving them to suckle on fire plugs;
lovers bite off each other's body parts
at the apex of their passion;
best friends push one another into traffic
with a pat on the back.
Still the crock of democracy
withstands barbarian revisionists,
proving rust is stronger than iron.
Change is in the air,
so everyone spritzes deodorizer.
The constituents of the dissolute
voted for a levy but the levy was dry.
Poets scream, <Inferno!>
as people apply tan lotion
and roll over on their tummies,
half-dozing on the brimstone.

The headlines are just footnotes
to the cheap pulp mystery of life,
which is pawned off as a holy scroll.

The myth of progress
and the philosophy of convenience
require more useless industry.
You can't see the forest for the factories.
Legs wither, replaced
by surgically fusing torsos to cars.
The revelers dress street lamps
in bikinis and negligees;
you can make love to machinery
with your dicktophones,
or jerk down a jackpot lever
to randomly choose your fleshpot lover.
Infants hatch from incubators.
Old Lady O'Leary causes a nuclear accident
and the world burns down
while Nero fiddles a spicy Cajun waltz.

The tombstone planet topples,
and even the worm of avarice,
who fattens his slimy mid-segment
on our disdainful flesh,
is feasted on by entropy's swarming ants.
Mankind is officially listed in *Vogue*
in the "Out" column
next to the brontosaurus,
and leaves a lot of dangerous toys
lying around for the chimps.

Milk Carton Kid

Saffron hair, eyes blue as her jeans—
it's not her thumb that stops trucks.
In her mind it's the shoeshine shuffle,
a duffel slung over her shoulder,
but when they spy her postured gait,
even rednecks spout Byron and Shelley.
But she wants to shed her Gucci skin,
false lashes and accessory boyfriend,
leaving him trapped in a snapshot.
When she opens her bag at the motel,
she becomes someone else.

She gazes dreamily out the bus window
and sees burly, snarling buffalo
charging alongside the Greyhound,
Blackfoot braves on dawn-gold palominos.
She's the real Miss America now
with her Huck Finn cap for a crown,
her banner the pages of Kerouac
stitched into her patchwork knapsack.
That night, in a honkytonk dive,
she enters dolled-up as a flapper;
everyone spews out their brew,
but no one can snicker at her.
When she shouts,
<Strike up the Cotton Club Band!>
the barkeep nods, dumbstruck.
She frisbees her garter to the guys
as "East Saint Louis Toodle-Oo"
plays out of nowhere.

* * *

In a fast-food restaurant rest room
in a black hole Dust Bowl town,
an executive cries into the toilet.
His plane just passed through,
but he jumped ship in mid-air,
escaping the two-by-two Human Zoo:
clerks working in rolled-up sleeves
chained to pens chained to roll-top desks,
ladies in chains of lingerie lace.
By the golden ring in his nose,
his 'keeper' had led him to still waters;
but shaving a monkey doesn't make him a man,
and she had made a monkey out of him.
The janitor flushes him down;

he crawls out a sewer in South California.
Our hitch-hiker heroine on a street corner
helps the smelly beast stand erect.
They chat while snacking on cactus burgers:
<My balls were in the blender
to make her lemon juice each morning.
She was the Queen Bee on her throne
and I was her full-service drone.>
<My parents programmed me
to be a beautiful blank screen.
They wrapped me up in funny pages
like I had bubble gum for brains.>
They walk arm in arm down the aisle
of a grocery store, register at the register,
then honeymoon, making love in Fresh Produce.

In the bridal suite at El Rancho Cucharocha,
 she pours spoiled milk in a champagne glass,
 ignoring her photo on the carton,
 then glides over to her rent-a-tux lover.
 All night in sweaty neon,
 they dance cheek-to-cheek to "Cheek to Cheek"
 as he sniffs and nibbles her strawberry hair.
 Her mother's hair's grey,
 her father's hair's gone
 from imagining their teen pageant queen
 dismembered in a roadside ditch;
 but she's in a sequin gown
 with a Huck Finn cap as her crown—
 she's the real Miss America now.



The City's Finest... Donuts
 Acrylic on masonite 36" x 48"

3rd Place, 1992 Mosaic Art Show

bleeding kansas

Lavender.

It was a lavender robe with tiny blue petals. It fell to her calves and then it was all white skin, curved, thick, and hard, with fat ankles.

She would stand at the window in our basement apartment on West Ninth, looking up through the bars of the cellar grate. She would stand in her lavender robe smoking a Camel, the cigarette trembling slightly between her long fingers, her hand in the early stages of the arthritis. Sometimes she would stand there for hours, and the blood red carpet would be stained with cigarette ashes. Day would pass into night, light would pass into dark, and her tall, lanky figure would be silhouetted against the window by the headlights of cars turning onto Moore Street. I wouldn't see her face, she would stand with her back to me, but sometimes she spoke, tiny questions, and I would answer her the best I could, tiny answers, I was only ten. This was supposed to be my nap time, but I don't remember sleeping much. I often just stared at her from the sofa bed, watching the movement of her hand as she lifted the cigarette to her mouth.

At first I thought she was waiting for him to come back. As I said, I was only ten. One time I asked.

She answered from the window, keeping her back to me. "Hearing is incidental," her voice was soft, but cracked, just a little at its center. "What you have to remember, Dorothy, is that seeing is everything. Without a window, you have nothing. Remember that."

The color of the robe was hard for me to remember, especially standing here, alone, in the dark. Lord knows where it would be today. Packed away in some box, or perhaps even donated when we had moved from that apartment. I'd like to think that it was auctioned off for some outrageous price. Whatever the case, the detail seems important to me now, this lavender robe. This memory of her is clear, and it is mine alone.

It isn't Georgia Grant that I remember. Or even GiGi, as she later became, made from the initials by the press, an inside joke that became an outside one. I remember the woman that came before those other two, the one who had stood at the window, seeing. Clearly there were women before this one, too, and probably some after. But I don't know them, and now it is too late for me to find them. I can only guess.

And even guessing time is running out.

I can feel the swelling of my belly. I stand naked in my cell, leaning my back against the bars. It is night. I have no window in here, and I am out of cigarettes. I am trying to imagine what she would do, that woman in the basement.

I feel like screaming.

I wish I had her strength now.

I am cold. There is dripping coming from somewhere, but other than that, there is silence. I think about going over to my bed and wrapping the rough blanket around me, but I cannot move.

I want to see my mother's face.

"Dottie," comes a voice. It is not my mother's, though I think for a moment it is.

Then I recognize Martha, from the next cell. She coughs.

She is the only one in our row that knows about my swollen belly.

"Yeah?" I say.

There is a silence, and I think again that I imagined the voice, but then I hear Martha humming. First it is very quiet, then louder.

It is immediately familiar, but it takes a few seconds for me to place it. I think of the words, and once I get "wizard," I know it. I laugh. I will miss Martha, though I haven't known her long. I will miss her for this.

I join in.

"We're off to see the wizard, the wonderful Wizard of Oz. Because because because . . ."

"Jesus Christ, how far along are you?"

I shake my head. She is staring at my stomach. "Nine weeks," I say, though I've known longer than that, have felt it longer than that.

"Jesus," she says again.

He had nothing to do with it, hon, I think, but hold my breath.

"I want this abortion," I say.

"Uh-huh," she says.

She taps her pencil on her desk, trying to stare me down, like a high school principal instead of a prison warden. I feel like I'm going to get detention.

"Which one was it?" she demands.

I shake my head. "No," I say.

She frowns hideously. "We must know," she says, "there's no way around it."

I stare blankly at her. Her lips curl

slowly into a snarl, and she begins the annoying tapping again.

"We'll find him," she says.

I say nothing.

Then her face changes gears, something a little more sympathetic, and she leans into me.

"I can arrange something here," she whispers.

I shrug, though I know what she means.

"I know doctors who will do it," she continues.

Where were they when my college roommate bled to death from a wire hanger, I think to myself.

"No," I say aloud.

She frowns again.

"Good doctors," she says.

"I'm sure they are," I interrupt, "but I don't want them. I want to go to Kansas. I want it legal."

She throws the pencil on her desk and crosses her arms.

"You don't understand, dear," dear Jesus, "I'm trying to help you. There are alternatives, choices—"

I start to laugh. Insanely. "I'm sorry," I say. "Some things just strike me as funny."

She is not amused.

"Look," I say, "I know my rights. I want it done in Kansas."

She locks eyes with me, such disappointment on her face. In another time, maybe we would have been friends, I think. I like her determination, and I know that she's taken a risk by suggesting a prison abortion.

She has the form ready on her desk. She is not stupid.

"You were raped," she says.

"No," I answer.

This stuns her. Apparently she hadn't considered this possibility. She stops writing.

"No?" she asks.

"No," I say.

She takes a deep breath. "I have to put it down as rape. They won't allow it otherwise, you know that."

I nod my head.

"But it wasn't rape," I say.

"You know the regulations—"

"The answer isn't for the form," I interrupt. "It's for you."

It takes a second, but then it registers. I knew she wasn't stupid. She nods and then begins to write again.

I have one picture taped to the wall of my cell. It is of my mother. It was taken in front of the Playboy Club in New York. Her face is fuzzy, out-of-focus. The figures behind her are blurred as well. Her mouth is twisted, her eyes are half-shut and dark. But there is something in this expression, in the curve of her neck, in the way she holds the picket sign in her hand, a tight grip despite the arthritis.

It is my favorite picture in the world.

I am sitting in my cell, waiting for them to come. I think of what my mother told me. "Hearing is incidental." An odd thing for her to say, especially since she spent much of her life speaking out to large groups of people. GiGi had made a career of social activism after her book *High Heels* struck a chord. I spent much of my high school years travelling with her from UCLA to Washington, D.C. to Kansas City—

wherever there was going to be a rally or a demonstration, GiGi would find it. She became a press favorite. She was labelled an eccentric; also a dyke and a bitch and worse, all of which she dismissed as "society's Terret's syndrome."

She was one of the keynote speakers at the first protest in Kansas, when there was still a debate. When there was still a chance.

I saw her murder like most other people did, on the t.v.. One moment, there she was, standing at the podium in Kansas City, four inches tall on my beat up black and white, shaking her fist in the air, the loud, cracked voice booming out. And then, seconds later, the rat-a-tat-tat of the firing and Blip, she vanished. She was blown behind the podium, deep inside the t.v., sucked from this world in the blink of an eye. It ran consistently for several days on the news. I saw it many times, there was no way around it. I paused it on tape. I was able to freeze-frame the last moment of my mother's life, and touch her face for the last time, my warm fingers on the cold smooth screen. Goodbye GiGi. Goodbye Georgia Grant.

Goodbye Mom.

I can hear them coming down the hall. It will be good to breathe fresh air again, even if it's only for a little while.

I wear a hospital gown as I walk down the prison corridor. I steal a look to Martha, who is up against the bars of her cell, staring out at me. She winks. Behind her, on the cell wall, are the clippings: "CRAZED DAUGHTER SEEKS REVENGE IN MOTHER'S MURDER!" and "GIGI'S

DAUGHTER CLUBS CARTER" and "COURTROOM CATFIGHT CLAIMS CARTER'S CATARACT!"

It was a woman who murdered my mother, and, unlike Lee Harvey Oswald, I think she acted alone. She called my mother a butcher and a murderer; she had a t-shirt on with a picture of a sonogram showing a baby's fetus. The cameras loved that.

I dressed like Eliza Doolittle for her arraignment; I donned a bright orange fright wig and a dull brown dress and breezed right past the photographers on the courthouse steps, even with those horrendous five-inch spiked heels working against my feet.

I was giddy as I sat in the corner of the courtroom, watching this woman's back. I fought to control myself, to not draw attention to me despite my outrageous clothing. I slipped my heels off minutes before she was carted down the aisle and held them in my lap, while I rubbed my feet in an effort to relax.

I got five good shots at her and two halfway decent ones (from the sound of her high-pitched squealing) before they tackled me down. The one most often featured in the press was the shot of the spiked heel landing square in her right eye. I wish I could remember it better. Pinned to the floor, my dress soaked with spit, sweat, and some blood, I broke into song as the male guards fell on top of me.

What else: "I could've danced all night, I could've danced all night . . ."

There are two men in the front of the car; Mr. Left, the driver, and Mr. Right,

who has come along for the ride. I am glad it is a car and not a van. I have a view this way.

It is a good three hour drive to Kansas, and even with the handcuffs, I feel freer than I have in a long time. There is much to see out here, greens and browns and blues, bright, vivid. I was afraid it would rain, but even that would've been nice to see, comparatively.

Their voices are muffled by the plastic guard between the front and back seats. I can guess at their conversation: work, sex, sports. I know my prejudices.

"I don't hate the woman. I hate her apathy."

This was the quote that ran in the paper as the woman who had murdered my mother lay in a hospital bed, her face bandaged, her right eye permanently blind. It was my quote, and I was proud of it. I not only got the words on the printed page, but the last word was even boldfaced. They'd allowed me twice as much ink, heavy on the page.

The quote was accurate, too. I hated this woman because she was senseless. She had committed a senseless act. And she showed absolutely no remorse.

I was tempted to ask her afterwards if she had to get her husband's notarized consent in order to commit this murder.

Senseless. It was a word my mother used often, to describe politicians, to describe certain opposition groups.

Absolutely no remorse.

This I hated. It was this that brought out my anger, pure and hard and red.

Or lavender.

"I have to pee," I say.

Mr. Right turns his head, my reflection in his sunglasses.

"Whourdy-high hinnits," he says, pointing to his watch.

"In forty-five minutes you boys are gonna need life preservers!" I say, pointing to my crotch. "You can stop here."

Mr. Right looks at Mr. Left, and they laugh, but Mr. Left slows down and pulls onto the berm.

There is a God and she's black, I think.

They pull me out of the back seat. I entertain thoughts that they will demand blowjobs, my stomach turns, but they simply pull me out. I resist, hurting my handcuffed hands in the process.

"Solo," I say.

They shake their heads, but I persist. "C'mon guys, I'm shackled and wearing a tablecloth, where the hell am I gonna run?"

They watch from the car, leaning against the side, both wearing the sunglasses. Standard issue, I guess.

One yells, a signal that this is far enough. I am on the downside of a small hill, allowed some privacy. I pull down my underwear and squat. I can feel them watching me, but this seems incidental. I don't think I would have cared if they had been standing right next to me.

I crouch down, feeling the stretch in my calves. I inhale deeply, my back still to them, fresh, clean, cool Kansas air filling my lungs, Bobby Hanson's sophomore hands on my thighs, the long fingers of my mother's hand stroking my hair, the other on my cheek. Then there is only the wind, short and calm and cool.

There is nothing around me but open space, fields, for miles. I feel like I am in

the middle of nowhere, though I know I am actually at the end of Nowhere.

Isn't this where I'm supposed to meet the fucking Scarecrow?

I lose my balance and fall. The ground is moist but warm. I sit a minute, or maybe just a second, before the boys are on me, their voices calling.

I manage to pull my briefs back up before they reach me. One grabs my arm, hard, and yanks me. The other pulls me in the opposite direction.

I cry out.

I say, "My baby!"

It works. They release me instantaneously. I grab my stomach for effect. They let me dog them back to the car.

The table I am laying on is padded; it looks old, especially for this new facility. My head is clear, I am surprisingly calm. Around me there are orderlies, three of them, preparing for the operation, busying themselves. I've read that it is extremely simple, easy to perform. One of the orderlies, a woman, keeps eyeing me. My face is familiar. I was famous for a while. But maybe it is my mother's face she sees. I've been told I look like her.

The first woman who had her abortion here made national news. The second got press coverage. After that, the expected dropoff. It had become common. Accepted. They still protest outside, I saw some when we drove in. But the groups are dwindling. Time's a killer.

It didn't happen quickly. Things never do. It is like a war, with major and minor battles, and many casualties. GiGi for one. Kansas City was our final battleground.

Our Bunker Hill. Slowly, they took control, like the arthritis in my mother's hand, until, ultimately, we were completely crippled.

I would like that, though, if I made the news. There are people out there that I would like to have know what happened to me. Tina, for one. I wish she could see all this. Long way from our Roe Vs. Wade garden party at Vassar.

When I had called Tina from the jail following my arrest to bring me some things — "needful things" was how they put it — she naturally ignored toothbrush, mouthwash, underwear. Instead, she brought ten sharpened pencils.

"They won't bleed on the toilet paper," she said.

I thanked her.

"You made all three networks, by the way. Naturally it was a man who got the best footage. Two of the big guns have already made the putt an offer."

"Forget that," I said, "What I want to know is: how was my hair?"

"What name will be on the headstone?" the doctor asks. The voice is cold, clinical. She has done this before. And will again. I am a form to her, non-living tissue.

I know that it will eventually be a girl. They know this too. That figured in my decision, obviously.

I seriously thought about having it. Not for myself, particularly, but for GiGi. So I could tell her about GiGi. My mother was too much person for just me; she needs

to be spread around. But her book is still out there, her fans are still out there, GiGi is not completely dead. I hope she never will be, but I cannot be sure of this. After all, look where I am.

I know that they won't proceed without a name. One of those fucking legal technicalities they fought for just to drive more nails up the arm. The doctor looks at me impatiently.

I thought about using GiGi, or Georgia. It seemed ironic, symbolic. I thought about using my own name, too, but that would be redundant somehow.

"Anonymous," I decided on.

The doctor stares at me.

"It's a family name," I say.

She blinks.

"Noni, for short."

Finally, her pen moves on the paper.

DOROTHY GRANT

AND HER DAUGHTER,

ANONYMOUS

R.I.P.

At least I hope that is what it will read. I can't be sure. The doctor could have made something up. But I have to trust her. I have to trust her pencil.

Anonymous. GiGi would've liked that.

A few moments later, a nurse applies a mask to my face. I breathe in deeply.

I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto.

"Lavender," I whisper.

"Shhh," she says. "This will be completely painless."



Save the Raine Forest
Lithography and watercolor 8" x 10"

Cherry Blizzard

I crunch through deep white woods
And squeeze cherries in my mouth,
While their blood drips from lips to snow.
There is nothing like the cold brilliant freedom
In these trees, in the ripe juice of this fruit.
It sucks me into childhood's yellow-brick dreams
And ancient spring's grassy meadows.
I am the child who stains the carpet pink,
Who steals flakes as they fall.
In this whirlwind, I feast on blood alone.

Dandruff!

An immaculate pointy woman
Poised with iron posture
Raises a manicured nail to her head
And scratches with brief insanity.

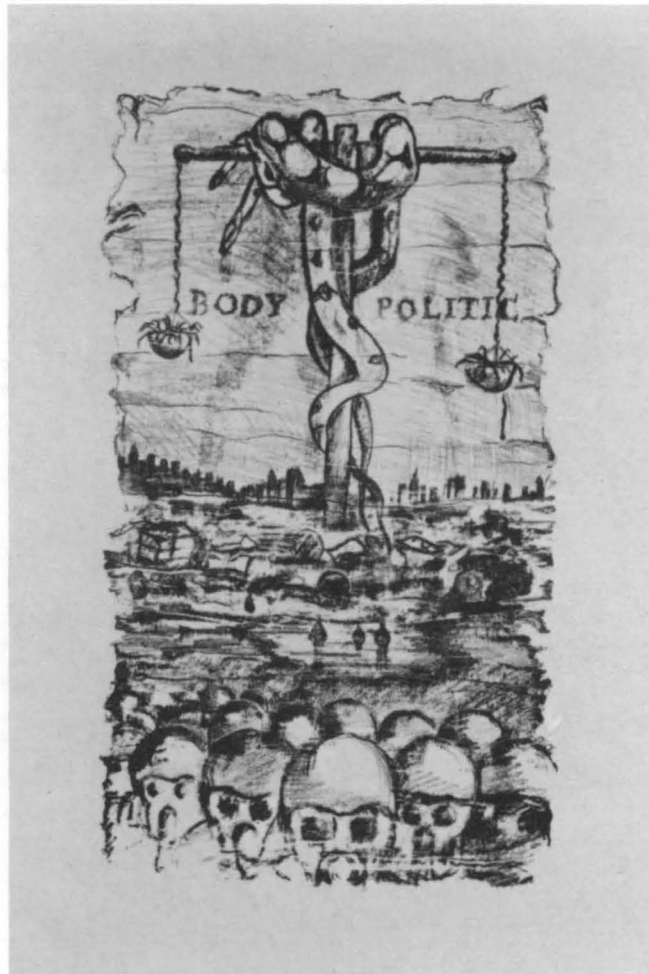
I pretend not to notice.

Again she scratches, but this time with a
Long, slow digging sweep of the nail.
She must eradicate the itch!

Later I am standing on a chair before her
Scratching my head.



Senior Citizen
Lithograph (color) 12" x 16"



Money Talk
Lithograph 12' x 16"

Fatality

She remembered his recent leaving
As a negative silhouette,
His departing form white
Against a charcoal world.

Instead of feeling emptiness,
She was filled with a terrible
Longing to strip herself,
To let the water wash over her,
The shower's streams cleansing
Her mouth of the gasoline taste.

She knew it for what it was:
The future pressing down on her,
And on him,
As soon as he left her,

And a devil's prophecy.
One would go on
To do great things,
An irresistible force,
Ending in an honest glory.

The other would drift into
A life with a droning spouse
And three faceless children,
Sinking into the
Dark ash swirl of time.

Morning

Under gray sheets, a
Small girl feels frost in the air.
She curls up and moans.

Michael Asseff is a senior in his third year at Ohio State. He is majoring in history, and his future plans include attending law school. He describes himself as serious and moody. He likes to let his work take on a life of its own. "Stuff pops into my head, and I just write it down. Poetry should be spontaneous. If you keep changing things it will take on a whole different mood."

Dolores M. Brannigan is a senior majoring in English. Her future plans primarily include avoiding starvation. She writes poetry to impress guys, although it never works. She considers her poetry realistic and "tries to keep it very unflowery." In addition, she doesn't know how a word processor works.

Jack Butler, a pre-medicine student in search of a major, describes himself as a "stalled junior." His goal in writing is for it to have the same effect on people that his favorite poems have on himself. He admits that the best poems he has ever read are so good they tend to make him think he should just give up writing.

Jennifer Lynne Campbell is a sophomore majoring in English. Her plans are to go to law school and specialize in criminal law while continuing to write poetry on the side. She describes herself as "quiet" and "intellectual," and says she likes to have fun too. According to Jennifer, she generally writes about the things she is most often thinking about at the time.

R. Lee Etwiler is an inmate at the Marion Correctional Institute. He is in his thirties and maintains a 3.8 grade point

average studying history and literature at the in-house Marion Branch campus. He is inclined to describe himself as a "self-made victim of the revolving door penal policies of America." His goal is to eventually publish his own literary journal to help beginning writers, and he has formed a writer's workshop in which he teaches his fellow prisoners. This workshop is the first of its kind ever established within Ohio's penal system.

Jason Housh is a junior studying Philosophy and English. He says he is considering a life of crime and hopes to win a creative writing grant in order to buy firearms.

amanda runyon lynch prefers to have her name appear in all lower-case letters and refuses to divulge "boring" information about herself such as her year and major because "I'm totally against that." She says she likes oranges and wrote "Idea" because she felt too confined writing poetry in the conventional forty lines or less.

Joseph Mismas, a sophomore majoring in Computer Science and minoring in English, insists he is not really interesting. "I just go to school, drink too much, and write really bad poetry." He describes his poetry as "really honest" and says it all comes from personal experience.

Jennifer Moodey is a senior majoring in English, who plans to spend this summer studying folklore in Ireland. She describes herself as spontaneous, thoughtful, outgoing and cheerful. She doesn't go through a long process with her writing—often waking up in the morning and writing spontaneously.

Lee Moran, a graduating senior from Newark, says that she is "planning to do something with her B.A. in English and have it patented." In her writing she says she tries to experiment with a lot of different voices.

Chris Morgan will be graduating this spring with a degree in Painting. His immediate plans include playing guitar and working on music. Whether the medium is painting or music, Chris considers communicating a subjective experience the basis of everything that is beautiful.

David Parr is a senior majoring in English. His plans include getting into teaching and continuing to work on his writing. He calls his story "bleeding kansas" "a realistic vision of what could happen. It might not be science fiction but reality soon. That scares me."

Robert Pierson says he intends to eventually publish a book. A sophomore majoring in Classics, he confesses that one of his professors has described his writing as "masturbatory," "overwritten," and "pretentious."

Rick Powers is a junior majoring in English. His future is basically "up in the air" although he might go to Panama. He considers himself "a fairly boring guy with nothing to do." In his writing, Rick tries to focus on things he observes rather than on himself.

Mel Rogers, a "newly converted English major," says that "country," "civilized," and "egocentric" are the best words to describe

him because "half of me is from the country, half of me is from the city, and in between is a big ego." Mel's poem "Grandpapa" is about his great uncle. He says he was trying to write in a rhymed structure without losing the natural rhythm of everyday speech.

Sean Smith is a senior majoring in English, and he will be graduating next spring. In the future, he would like "to write—anything." He has fantasies about being asked to describe himself. He sees himself as dissatisfied, ambitious, and ignorant. Sean thinks his poems blur between writing about how people are and how they should be. He tries to write about things he doesn't understand.

Scotty Tabachnick is a seventh year senior majoring in Philosophy. He claims the sole reason for the publication of his poems is "to get literary mud" for his turtle. His life long aspiration is to be the first Jewish man to kill a president.

Laura E. Walton is a junior. She describes herself as "a jack of all trades, master of none." According to Laura, her poetry tends to be "too flowery." "The heart of a poem can be expressed in common language."

Aaren Yandrich is a junior majoring in photography. On his writing he says: "Basically, I'm concerned with the deformation of movements."

Jake Godby says "the less you know about Jake, the better."

John Mangus says that he would rather be told that his paintings are offensive than to hear no response at all. He wants to force the observer to respond to the issue being presented.

Lisa Marie Miller "A thing that you sincerely believe in cannot be wrong."
— D. H. Lawrence

Molly Morris has chosen to depict the way suburban life has taken over many rural areas of Ohio in her piece. She appreciates the honesty of photography.

Erin Nagy "Reality is a convenient measure of complexity, but why be constricted to reality?" — Alvy Ray Smith

Betty Sarti uses art as her voice. As a foreign student, she is experiencing

a new culture in the United States. Through her work, she hopes others will re-evaluate their morals and values.

Craig Screven hopes to work in computer graphics after graduation. He feels that he can communicate through his paintings better than through any other means of expression.

Robert Strati "I would like to dedicate my award to Michael Mould, my closest friend. His brilliance and talent will be missed. Mike died on Sunday, March 22, 1992 in the plane crash of US Air flight 405."

Sandra Y. Varner "I was rendered the gift of art. I am thankful for my ability to see things not otherwise known. It is my hope that you will appreciate the simplicity of my study."

Friends of *Mosaic* is a program developed last year by the editorial staff for students, faculty, and friends to express support for the magazine. By giving funds, individuals and organizations have helped make possible *Mosaic's* larger circulation and many sponsored events. The program has expanded this year to include corporations and university alumni. The entire editorial staff would like to express sincere thanks to our Friends of *Mosaic*.

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Literature submissions, including poetry and short fiction, must be typed and should not contain any personal information (name, address, etc.) on the pieces themselves. Literature submissions will not be returned. Original works of art are accepted, as well as slide or photographic reproductions of works that are not transportable or are of high value. All original artwork will be returned.

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